EVENTS OF INTEREST

# OMAN AND THE HO

Let the Woman's Page bespeak the woman-let it be a help to those who desire help, a comforter to those who need comforting, and above all, let it be a friend to every woman.

**JUMESTIC HELPS AND** AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

# Little Beauty Chats

BY BLANCHE BEACON

THE NIGHT TOILET OF THE FACE | pink fingeritps. Probably you think your face per fectly clean, but is it? Nine out of ten women content themselves with dabbling a damp cloth carelessly over the skin, but while this will suffice remove superficial grime, it will not wash the dirt out of the pores. Unless you covet a crop of blackheads and pimples, repair to the bathroom tonight filled with the determinations to scrub and scour your facial skin until it is as clean as soap and water and friction intelligently applied can make it. Begin by filling the basin full to

the brim with hot water, then throw into the steaming liquid a handful of rolled oats, as they will not only soften the water, which is important, Next you must attack the face with complexion brush dripping with hot

water and soap suds, frictioning the skin with this beauty tool until your skin is hidden from view by a mass of snowy white lather. A thorough rinse with warm, per-fumed water follows. Rinse and rinse, and rinse and then rinse some more, as soap suds, if left to dry on the face will inevitably coarsen and

vellow the skin. yellow the skin.

Be sure you dry the face thoroughly, as caredessness in this regard will result in your acquiring a host of wrinkles and this is not all! Quite frequently, the illy-dried skin becomes red and rough.

Do not be afraid to friction your face well, both with the complexion brush and the face threel, as the fac-

brush and the face towel, as the facial skin likes nothing better than to be scrubbed and rubbed, or at least we may safely assume this, as the well-frictioned cuticle is nearly always minustopen pores-and black-heads and looks as fresh as a newly

Finish this beauty task by saging a soothing cream into the face, with a light, rotary movement of your

TO APPEAR®BEFORE

NOTED ARTISTS

same, 3:30 in the afternoon.

cert, Seyelk String Quartet. February 24th, 1915, Musicale by

SO-TODAY, HAS GIVEN

MRS. RUSSENDE SAGE,

February 10th, 1915, Artists' Con- perhaps the richest.

Recipe for a par ticularly dainty face paste is below. I think you will like it. Almond Cream White wax ...... 1 1-2 ounces

Spermaceti ...... 1 1-2 ounces Almond oil, (sweet) ..... 8 ounces Rosewater ..... 4 ounces Otto of rose ...... 10 drops

Rest content with this grooming of the face and hie you off to bed.



Slowum, that Russell Sage invaded New York and began the Wall Street operations that were to make him one

of the richest of Americans. Excessive industry, cheese-paring thrift, and

emarkable business sagacity had characterized his career as a mer-

hant, and these qualities were in-He was alread ya rich man when The Wednesday Afternoon, Musical he married, and judicious investments in railway stocks, elevated roads in New York, and telegraph and cable country, has announced its program companies, put him in the multi-mil-

liopaire class. As usual a number of prominent artists are included, whose appearance will be hatled with delight by the hundreds of members of the club.

The first concert is scheduled for Within three years of her husband's death in 1998 Mrs Sage had given October 28 and the last for April 28, death, in 1906, Mrs. Sage had given 1915. The meeting place will be away \$16,000,000. In 1907 she gave the First Methodist chuch, as it was \$1,000,000 to the Emma Willard Semlast year and the hour, likewise the luary at Troy, a similar sum to the The program is appended:
October 28th, 1914, Artists' ConStrong Complete Control of Pathcert, Mme. Gerville-Reache, contraito, clogy, \$250,000 to a home for indi-Emilio de Gogorza, baritone.

November 11, 1914. Musicale by Club Members, String Music, Mrs.

John a Kingman leader.

John a Kingman leader.

John a Kingman leader.

John a Kingman leader. December 9th, 1914, Lecture Re-cital, "Diction in Song and Speech," eral contributors to the Red Cross for its relief work in the European white. Arrange on lettuce. January 13th, 1915, Artists' Con-ert, Mme. Marie Sundellus, soprano, attempt to relieve individual or famcert, Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, attempt to relieve individual or fam-January 27th, 1915, Musicals by ily need, but is devoted to sociological bers, Music by Contempo- investigations. Despite these large rary Writers, Miss Louise Pfau, benefactions, Mrs. Sage is still one

BRAZIL

of the richest women in the world,

Club Members, Liszt, Chopin, Brahms, Saint-Szens, Franz, Miss Jessie C. Hawiey, leader. The first step toward the indepen-ence of Brazil was taken ninety-two Masch 10th, 1915, Musicale by Club Members, Hungarian and Boyears ago, Sept. 7, 1822, when Dom Pedro, son of King John of Por-tugal and regent of Brazil, declared ian Writers, Miss Elsle Smith, March 24th, 1915, Lecture Recital. Opera, Mr. Alvah Hobbard. April 14th, 1915, Piano Recital, mother country. The Portuguese government made no attempt to retain its South American dependency, and in October, 1822, Dom Pedro was formally crowned Emperor of Brasil. In 1881 Emperor Dom Pedro abdicated in favor of his infant son. April 28th, 1916, Musicale by Chib Members, Open Day, Miss Esther Berg, leader. and the empire was governed by a regency until 1840, when the youth-ful Emperor was crowned as Dom Pedro II. His reign continued un-AWAY MILLIONS til a quarter of a century ago, when, by a bloodless revolution, the Emrigaret. Olivia Slocum Sage, who sight years has devoted her attition to dissipating the immense time accumulated by her late husperor abdicated, and the Republic of the United States of Brazil was launched. Marshal Deedore da Fonseca was the first President of Brazil. He was succeeded in turn by Floriano Psixeto, Dr. Prudente de Moraes Barros, Dr. Campos Salles, Dr. Rodriguez Alves, Alfonso Penna,, Dr. bend, Russel Sage, was born in Syracuse, N. Y., eighty-nix years age today, Sept. 8, 1828. Mrs. Sage has given away many millions since the death of Russell Sage in 1858, but it is understood that she has made no Nile Pecana and Marshal Hermes da Fonseca. During the republican regreat impression on the Sage forgime there have been several local revolutions, but on the whole Brazil has been peaceful and prosperous, Margaret Olivis Sleeum was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Sle-cum, and came of an old and henored family. One of her ancestors came and has developed the coffee indus try to a point where it supplies near-ly nine-tenths of all the coffee consumed in the world, over in the Mayflower, and Mrs. Sage is a member of the Society of May-flower Descendants, as well as of the Colonial Dames and other patriotic societies. She graduated from the Troy

JEAN EXPILLY

The first European writer of dis-

Fernish Seminary in 1847, and it was in Twoy that she made the acquainttinetion to visit South America and to bring to the attention of the world ance of Russell Sage, then a Trojan marchant and politician. After her the vast resources of that continent was Jean Charles Marie Expilly, a reaching, at which was very success-ful.

French historian, who was bern just a century ago today in Salen, Bou-ches-du-Rhone, In 1852 he began a the Steam was forty-one and the tour of South America which continbridgeroom was afty-three, and air used gix years, studying the state of ready the possessor of a considerable the various countries, their history, fortune, when they were married at watervies, near Troy, on Nov. 11, ment. These inquiries resulted in several volumes which made a pro-found impression in Europe and gave While his future bride was injecting learning into the heads of young hopefuls, Russell Eage was piling doiler on dollar and laying the foundation for his tremendous fortune. Beginning his business career as an errand boy in a grocery store, he early engaged in business for himself in Troy. A retail grocery store was Great Britain, Spain and later Germann and later Germann. had previously been considered as of vegrs in the employ of the city, was very little aprount. European capi-Troy. A retail grocery store was his first venture, and later he became a wholesale grocer. In the meantims he had taken an active interest in politics and was alderman and treasurer of formselect county. In 1853, and the states of the common council meeting tonight. For 46 years, David Jack has been in the employ of the city. Twenty of the employ of the eity. Twenty of these years were spent as driver in the fope gained so great a trade advantage over the United States. The common council meeting tonight. of Benselaer county, In 1853, and again in 1855, he was elected to the United States Contrary.

Let was about half a century ago, to married Miss Expilly's books. repen capital may be said to have commenced with the publication of

#### TO-DAY'S POEM

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know we French stormed Ratis-

A mile or so away, On a little mound, Napoleon Stood on our storming day; With neck outthrust, you fancy, how Legs wide, arms locked behind, As if to balance the prone brow

Just as perhaps he mused: "My plans That soar, to earth may fall, et once my army-leader Lannes Waver at yonder wall," -Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there

A rider, bound on bound Full galloping; nor bridle drew Until he reached the mound

Oppressive with its mind.

Then off there flung in smiling joy, And held himself erect By just his horse's mane, a boy; You hardly could suspect So tight he kept his lips compresse Scarce any blood came through) You looked twice ere you saw his

Was all but shot in two.

Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's We've got you Ratisbon!

The mashal's in the market-place, And you'll be there anon To see your flag-bird flap his vans Where I to heart's desire Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed his plans

The chief's eye flashed; but presently Softened itself, as sheathes film the mother-eagle's eye When her bruised eaglet breathes;

Soared up again like fire.

You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride Touched to the quick, he said; I'm killed, sire!" And his chief be-

Smiling the boy fell dead. +Browning.

## A CORNER FOR GOOKS

Open fresh clams and reserve fuice; beat two eggs light, sift in one-half cup flour and one-half cup of

easpoonful of tomato catsup and alittle minced parsiey, season with salt nd pepper; add to the batter, if not sufficiently stiff to drop into hot fat, a little more flour; fry until golden own and drain on brown paper before serving

Peppers Stuffed With Cheese. Cut the peppers lengthwise and renove the stems and seeds. Moisten oiled rice with a little cream, and stuff the peppers with it. Over it all sprinkle grated cheese, dot with butter and bake.

Golden Salad Four hard boiled eggs. Remove shells, cut in halves, lengthwise, take out yolks and mash them, add a teaonful melted butter, two teaspoon fuls mayonnaise dressing, one table-

spoonful ham ground fine, and salt.

Form into balls and fill space in each Raspberry Cream. Stir one quart of ripe raspberries with one pint of thick, sweet cream, ne-half pound of sugar, a bit grated lemon peel or cinnamon. (The perries should be passed through a sieve before stirring with the cream) Whit thoroughly and serve in tall

Cream Cheese With Gooseberry Sauce. Fresh gooseberries, if they are ripe, cream cheese. If ripe gooseberries canthe country's separation from the not be obtained, the green fruit must be stewed the day before. Anticipating the Sunday night picnic, the hos tess may do this, in which case the fruit is set on the table in a glass owl. The cream cheese may be used just as it comes, or it can be mixed with a cup of whipped cream to make it go further and taste a little better. If desired, the cheese and cream so mixed may be placed in a little mound in the center of a glass dish and the gooseberries poured around them. The combination is delicious and may be eaten on or with soda crackers.

> Iced Coffee. P ut the coffee, with a generous allowance of cream and pulverised su-gar, into a glass jar with shaved ice, cover with a shaker and shake for several minutes. This makes it light, foamy and delicious.

> WOMAN'S BEAUTY NO SECRET It all lies in the care she bestown upon herself and in keeping at bay those dread ills peculiar to her sex. The flashing eye, the elastic step and the clear complexion never accom-pany organic troubles, The distressed expression, lassitude, headaches and mental depression are only the tell tale symptoms, Women se trou-bled should take Lydia E, Pink-Vegetable Compound, simple remedy made from roots and normal condition .- Adv.

# FOR DAVE JACK

A resolution asking that the com-Expiliy's mon council provide a pension of \$480 conception of South America, which for David Jack, ambulance driver, for passed by the board of charities yesthe common council meeting tonight.

> Chinese Lily Bulbs, 3 for 25c JOHN RECK & SON

## LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY. TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

(Copyright 1913, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

(Address letters to Laura Jean Libbey, 916 President Street,

Brooklyn, N. Y.) (Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, but not to print.)

NOT A MARRYING MAN

I have been keeping company with young man (who is eight years older than I) for the last three years. takes me out three times a week and snows me the best kind of a time, spending lots of money on me. He has never esked me to marry him. The talk of marrying is not in his head at all. He says people are crazy who get tied to each other, though he says, "I like you, kid; you're all right." What should I do?

FREIDA. No matter how sincerely a girl may be interested in a young man she is not doing right by herself to give him her society exclusively for years when he coolly gives her the information that he is not intending to marry her. Girls are obliged to break off with such a lover soon or late. After a twenty-year courtship they may jilt an old love for a new one. If a man really loves a girl, he is desirous of making her his own for life by wed-

### IF HE DRINKS

Dear Miss Libbey: I am between two loves-one does not care very much for me-the other one does. The one who does, drinks heavily-is broken-hearted about me, but it looks as though I cannot care for him. What can I do to help him? CLARA.

Better remain single all your life than marry a confirmed inebriate. If the companionship of all other women he does not love you enough to stop for the remainder of his natural life. drinking for your sake, he is not so alf cup flour and one-half cup of desperately in love with you as you make catsun and a imagine. It is useless to gain the love of the other one who evinces to little interest in you.

> DOES NOT WANT TO RUN THE RISK OF BEING AN OLD MAID

I am a girl of nineteen. Keeping company with a young man of same age, but do not love him. He cries run the chances of waiting for an- evict a tenant or two who other nice young man to come along? Would you accept a birthday bracelet from the one I am going with? HELEN.

should not be a bar to marriage if the worthy.

young man is sober, industrious and

ARE BACHELORS' HEARTS DUSTY?

"I have sat-knowing naught of the

On Love's high throne of state; But the lips that kissed and the arms

that caressed To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed;

Had they only not come too latetoo late!"

Whether or not bachelors' hearts are desirable is a problem that many a clever woman has failed to solve to her satisfaction. That they are noble structures the fair sex devoutly believes. But never having had an occupant, are they not untenantable, they argue? Even a lordly palace without caretakers to let in the sunshine, throwing open wide the barredoors and windows, must gradually fall to decay and ruin.

The bachelor who heard them talk thus laughs in his sleeve. He may tell women that his heart has never had an occupant and expect them to believe it, but men believe as much of that sort of a story as they like. They are wont to tell their women folk tersely that the bachelor's heart has had so many occupants it is more likely to be battered out from these moving ins and moving outs than dus-ty. He waves away the departing guest with a light goodbye and turns to greet the newcomer.

This may be stretching the truth in regard to some bachelors. Yet they who have not had a score of loves are few and far between. They have been so satisfied with the ties which do not bind that they have constantly put off looking for a wife.

The average bachelor likes his free dom too well to barter it for the sake of any one woman to whom he must be devoted, shutting himself off from Even though the average bachelor de clares this, when the right nice, trim innocent little woman comes and touches the marrying chord in his heart his resolve to remain single forever and a day will melt into thin air. There are no bachelors so old and erusty that they will not marry un-der favorable conditions. The woman does not have to be brilliant, witty, pretty or rich. All he wants is a good woman, a sweet one, a companie woman, one who knows as little of the world as possible. When he runs across such a one, he will dust the when I tell him so. My sister objects cobwebs out of his heart in doubleto his calling on me because he is quick time and make it ready for her poor. Would you give him up and occupancy, though he may have to hangers-on.

It takes a good, thrifty wife to keep a bachelor's heart from becoming battered and abused with the coming It would be a grievous injustice to years. When he does marry and setthe young man to continue encourag- tle down, he makes an adorable husing him to call, thus feeding his hopes band. Perhaps he is better off to wait when you do not love him. Do not take the bracelet from him. Look further for a mate, giving him the same opportunity to find a girl who appressibly to regret it ever after. Ladies, give the bachelor a ciates, and cares for him. Poverty chance to prove this his heart is trust-

Laura from Libby

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"MASTER PEN"

The Girl of Mystery

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(Continued.)

"The papers, Miss Lucille," Loubeque said quietly, "will you kindly give me the papers to take care of?" The papers! Then the spy did not know that Captain Wetherell had possessed himself of the precious bag be-



"There is no water," he said gently.

fore having her placed in the open boat. Instinctively her hands flew to her bosom, the harsh feel of the ruby necklace which she had taken from the underground cavern with her meeting her clutch. Rubles of untold, of fabulous value she had, and - the thought of power, of money-should she ever come safely out of this-gave her a sweeping sensation of elation. "Captain Wetherell took the papers,"

she answered quietly, studying the spy's face to see what effect the announcement made. Again came unwilling admiration for the man's imperturbability.

a long period spent in profound thought: "Well, perhaps it is better so. Perhaps it is better." For a full hour he did not speak-

an hour wherein the stars sprayed themselves over the heavens. Then he spoke again as though to himself: "Yes, child, perhaps it is better so

It is so much simpler to fight against Wetherell than against you." There was a note of pathos, of long-

ing, in his tones that made her lips tremble in sympathy for the man who had so splendidly mistudged the life that had been given him, had so misused the marvelous brain. Again came that feminine instinct to proselyte, and again did a giance at his determined face make her desist. She would fight and fight and die fighting to prevent him accomplishing his aim, but, to save her, she could feel no hatred against this one who would wreck those she held most dear.

"You still have hope," she murmured, anxious to hear him answer in the

affirmative. "Hope!" he laughed aloud. "Child, it is written in the stars that I shall not fail, cannot fail. You have read for two days with the silent Chinesa my diary. You know what I have woman nursing her. The woman had overthrown nations, have thousands at | knew she was constantly after it. my feet. And all for what? That Short periods of time there were when I struck at the man I hated there should be no chance for failure. And now the last chance has been overthrown. I faltered, Lucille. I faltered when I should have put you out of my path forever; when I should have made an end to your interference. Destiny has intervened, Lucille, I know it, feel it-in my heart." She watched him, fascinated, as he

coolly rose and examined the provisions apportioned them, counting each biscuit, testing the water keg. "By stinting there is enough for

three days," he said quietly. "I think it would be better to wait till morn-He drew his coat off and passed it to her, frowning down her remonstrances at the deprivation. The warmth of ft made her realize for the first time that she had been chilled through by the cold night air and she flashed him a look of gratitude, watching him as he bent over a slip of paper after a long scrutiny of the stars. Then she slept. She woke to a sensation of pain in

her head, as though some giant weight opened door would secure her from rested there, pressing down as though to crush the forehead. For a moment she did not realize where she was stared about her perplexedly, tried to identify the gentle, undulating motion of the boat, the soft sweeping sound of the waters. Then her eyes met the melancholy ones of Hugo Loubeque. The sun was beating down upon them ferociously, as though it would consume those hardy intruders. Her head ached, when she would have spoken, she found her tongue swollen,

her voice thick, her lips parched. "Water - please," she stammered, then glared in horror at the interna-

tional spy's downcast face. Loubeque moved carefully to her side, placing his hands upon her arm.

"There is no water," he said gently "In their hurry they put an empty keg in the boat. It is the test of fate, my dear. Try not to think of it-try"-He did not finish for the pity within

him at her brave struggle not to show her fear, her pain. Her lips trembled as she tried bravely to smile, then, with a determined effort, she sat upright. Her head ached maddeningly and the sun seemed to fairly sigzle down upon her.

"Last night when I discovered the keg was empty," Loubeque said reassuringly, "I started working out our reckoning. We are well within the fishing zone of the coast. There is always a chance of being picked up. Don't fear, Lucille."

She smiled bravely, the effort only making her realize that the heat was paralyzing her facial muscles. After that she sat quite still, enduring in silence the maddening heat, the worse thirst. At times she thought she would be unable to stand it longer, that she must reach into this endless expanse of ocean and drink-drink; that she must plunge over the boat's side and allow the salt water to be absorbed by her body.

Night came and the stars, but night and stars from which all kindliness had fled. She knew it would be impos sible to endure the strain longer. Lonbeque's silent figure was motionless In one long, gliding motion she half rose, then dropped swiftly from the boat, the water encircling her, cooling ber, lapping at her ears in soothing refrain that lulled her senses to a glorious sleep, visionless, profound. in a flash of sanity came the horrified face of the man who was dragging har back into the boat. Darkness, blank, impenetrable-slumber, goblin haunted sun and desert with mirages of water that receded before her lips-

In her delirism Hugo Loubeque was constantly ministering unto her slightest want, soothing her with tender words, a veritable Goliath in fighting back the hordes of imps that would have tormented her. Always was he by her side-always until the mantle of blackness completely reached out and swathed her, soothing her to up bled slumber, a slumber disturbed but once and that when Lovheque stand before her looking down at her with a light of mingled happiness and triumph in his eyes—a look that brought dimly back to her the memory of certain things yet to be accomplished, but which she had not the strength to completely recall, a look so transitory that when she fought her eyes wide open he was gone, and she was conscious of being in a strange place, a black figure rising from the corner, then slumber once again.

Instinct forced her finally from the lethargic slumber, the instinct common to all higher forms of animals of protecting one's treasure. Her hands groped at her neck, where a slight tug had wakened her. Something brushed across her hand when she forced her eyes open, the figure she remembered to have seen in the corner was still squatting there, a figure that might have been inanimate save for the burning eyes fastened upon her. Nervously she fumbled at her neck, the feel of the ruby necklace meeting her fingers and puzzling her for a moment before it started a chaotic chain of recollections that finally marshaled themselves in semblance of order.

Out of the delirium of fever she fought remembrance of all that had happened since Hugo Loubeque dragged her back in the boat, recalled vividly from the subconscious brain that: had attained ascendancy during that harrowing period, his tender nursing of her, his denial, his stern self mastery when the blazing sun, the thirst, the hopelessness would otherwise have compelled him to give up the fight; and then the fishing boat, the blessed relief. of water, the breaking of the fever and consequent repairing of burned out nerve tissues, the arrival in this house and the spy's leave taking.

A cat and mouse game she played done to accomplish my ends. I have discovered the necklace, and Lacille

> when the nurse would sleep lustily and then Lucille walked warily up and down the floor, gradually regalning perfect power of locomotion. That necklace meant everything to her in this strange country. It meant the ability to travel, to do anything she pleased in her fight to regain the precious papers that meant honor and liberty to ber falsely accused sweetheart, And with the return of strength came a terrible uneasiness, a great fear. Hugo Loubeque, tender though his care of her had been, had left immediately she was out of danger, and she knew his motive was to seek the papers that Captain Wetherell had stolen. It was dawn of the third day that the nurse slipped from the room, slipped out with a stealthiness that some bow sent a chill through the gicl and made her sit belt upright in the bed, then, as the door closed, spring toward the chair beside the door. The soft patter of slippered feet upon the floor without made her stiffen with resolution as she hid herself so that the sight. Then the door opened an incl at a time, silently, cautiously, while the woman slipped inside the room looked at the blanket upon the could where Lucille should have been, ther beckened to a slender, yellow robes young Chinaman, who entered ever more noiselessly than the nurse has done. The girl in hiding shuddered a sight of the vicious knife the young Chinaman passed to the woman. wan muttered a guttural deep in hi

(To Be Continued.) Chinese Lily Bulbs, 3 for 25c JOHN RECK & SON